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been wrong, as it was not, the Federal Reserve Board and not the banks which carried out its orders would have had to bear the blame. If it has been right and has resulted in general good, as it has, the Federal Reserve Board gets the credit.

Depew Day.

The affectionate regards not merely of the New York Herald but also of some five or six score millions of fellow Americans—not to speak of returns from outlying nationalities—are due to-day between the present hour of reading and 12 midnight to CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who hereupon attains the threshold of the eighty-eighth year of a unique career.

This is the date of the annual Depew dividend. It will be paid cheerfully, as always, ungrudgingly, lovingly by all the debtors. It is thus paid for many reasons: In recognition of a long lifetime of active and useful public service to State and nation extending over a span of full sixty years; in admiration of the mellow wisdom and sane philosophy and alert perception of true inwardness which he has brought to the contemplation of all sorts of human affairs and has so freely shared with the brethren during two generations; in responsive tribute to the eloquence of utterance and charm of speech and wit of rhetorical expression which have delighted so many audiences of all sorts and sizes and safeguarded so many mahoganes from deadly digestive perils.

But when every other claim to distinction and gratitude has been catalogued and admitted by common consent there still remains the crowning achievement, and it is on this that we like most to dwell on his birthday. What citizen, living or translated, can dispute Senator Depew's title to be honored as the chief preserver of the Sunlight Saving in the hearts and souls of people?

To the beautiful art of generating and dispensing happiness and making it chronic he is what ROBERT FULTON was to the steamboat, or MORSE to the telegraph, or BELL to the telephone, or EDISON to the phonograph and electric light, or HOLLAND to the submarine, or the Wrights to the bird flight of men. From youth to patriarchal age Dr. Depew's teachings of a healthy optimism have been continual. He has enforced by precept and illustrated by example that preservative law of life and happiness which was born into him at Peekskill a year and thirteen days before The New York Herald, further downstream, printed its first paper.

Let us celebrate the bright anniversary by publishing once more Senator DEPEW's own formula and prescription for being young at 87. The subjoined remarks of his on the subject date from so long ago that they have become part of the common law:

"Keep in touch with the young. Join in their games, be a feature in the dance, romp the fastest and turn the quickest in the Virginia reel or the country dance, go up to the old college and light your pipe and sing college songs, take your children to the theatre and howl with them at the roaring farce and laugh with them at the comedy and cry with them at the tragedy; be their confidant in their love affairs, and, if they are not equal to it, write their love letters and never stop writing some for yourself. Thus will the twentieth century, with its clearer purposes, its higher endeavors and its limitless opportunities, welcome us older fellows as the youngest and most vigorous of those who are to solve its problems and make its record."

And years later, on his eighty-fourth birthday, the same cheery philosopher of the life worth living and successful practitioner of the principles of eternal youth recorded in simple and homely phrase this compend of his experience and observations:

"This is a mighty good world to live in, and the people, take them as they come, a mighty good sort to live with."

That is the kernel of the optimism which makes CHAUNCEY DEPEW love the world and which makes the world love him.

What Tempts Commuters?

Commuters are notoriously virtuous and industrious. If they were not they would not be commuters. Their very commuting shows that they are willing to brave the discomforts of travel in order that they may keep their homes and spend their evenings in the haunts of Nature. They get up at unearthly hours, tend furnaces, saw wood, mow lawns, weed gardens and feed chickens—all this before starting for town to take up Part No. 2 of their respectable double life.

In the face of all this obvious effort, why is it that the Long Island Railroad has found it necessary to lecture and threaten some commuters for lending or selling their tickets? It appears to the great body of commuters to wipe out the evil which impoverishes the railroad and robs the Government of its tax. It says that unless the loaning and selling is stopped every commuter will have to attach his photograph to his ticket. And this remedy the railroad, which knows how modest commuters are, describes as "draconic."

We cannot believe that any commuter, whether he rides to Freeport, Cos Cob, Peekskill, Nyack or Short Hills, is so wicked as to give over his ticket to another person for mere money. There must be some greater temptation. Maybe the occasional traveler

who wants the ticket has a hatching of White Wyandotte eggs which he will not part for gold alone. Or does he offer to the weak commuter a course in muskellunge culture? A commuter who is a duffer at golf might be tempted by a putting lesson for every loan of the precious ticket. Perhaps the wicked applicant for a free ride has the best capping machine in the town.

Commuters live such a broad life and have so many interests that they have numerous vulnerable points. It is these, doubtless, that the deadheads attack. But the thought of a commuter taking currency for his ticket is scarcely imaginable.

Spain in America.

For many years after the emancipation of the former Spanish colonies in America it was fashionable in the new republics to denounce all things emanating from Spain. The violent deeds of medieval minded conquistadores were recalled on every possible occasion to inflame passions engendered by the wars of independence. Time has healed most of these wounds, however; now only benevolent features of Spanish rule are usually remembered.

In recent years the policy of Spain toward its former dependencies has been consistently conciliatory. No opportunity has been neglected to impress upon the Spanish American peoples the common heritage of language, customs and other racial characteristics, notwithstanding the differences which have arisen through varying environments and the admixture of aboriginal elements. Spanish professors, statesmen, journalists and business men have succeeded in re-creating the cult of the mother country until the doctrine of Pan-Hispanism is now a well recognized rival of Pan-Americanism.

Thus far the movement is mainly intellectual and idealistic. Spanish American students are being encouraged by attractive fellowships to seek their education in the old universities of Spain. A recent royal decree has assigned a number of such fellowships to each of the Latin American republics, with the exception of Portugal, speaking Brazil. Scholarly societies in South and Central America maintain close relations with similar organizations in the Peninsula, and Pan-Hispanic congresses of various kinds are frequently promoted by the Spanish Government. The anniversary of the discovery of America has for several years been celebrated by all the Spanish speaking countries as the feast day of the Spanish race.

Still another instance of Spain's friendly advances toward the Latin republics may be seen in the widely discussed announcement that King ALFONSO is desirous of making a visit to America during the present year. The announcement of the possibility of such a visit has aroused great enthusiasm throughout Spanish America. The timing of the royal tour to the present year would permit the sovereign to witness some of the celebrations which will be held by a number of the republics in honor of centennials of their independence.

Far from begrudging Spain further progress toward a better understanding with our neighbors to the south the people of the United States would follow with friendly interest the course of the royal visitor and would be disappointed if his itinerary did not also include our own country, where there is still so much to remind us of the important part played by Spain in the pioneer development of this continent.

A Gypsy Dynasty in Peril.

The gypsy world turns anxiously toward Detroit these days, for by ways which were old when man began using the wireless the word has gone out to every Romany roadside encampment that eight-year-old JOHN of the house of Demitro is fighting there for his life. A dynasty is at stake, since if little JOHN dies power will pass forever from one of the oldest houses in the gypsy realm.

The origin of the gypsy ruling houses is as obscure as the origin of the gypsies themselves. When first they appeared in Europe they were led in a gay and colorful procession by earls and counts who placed the beginning of their titles in the remote times of Egypt, India or Persia. According to their own traditions such families as the Demitros, Stanleys, Peasens and Buckins had ruled for ages when modern reigning families of Europe mounted their thrones.

Old King ZIRNO, the head of the Demitros, has ruled for years; he received his title in Serbia from his father, to whom it had descended in a direct line through more generations than he was ever able to trace back in Romany traditions. His emblem of rank is a heavy gold ring covered with mystic inscriptions; and, planned on the cot of the sick boy is a curiously wrought antique jewel, the charm of a Demitro crown prince.

The old man sits day after day by little JOHN's bedside waiting patiently for a favorable turn in the youth's condition, and, says a Detroit newspaper, "huge, bearded men and dark-skinned, oval faced women from New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and Chicago come to pay their respects to the old king and his grandson."

The Demitros are rich, one of the richest of all gypsy tribes, and old ZIRNO, seeing the trend of the times against the wandering Romany people and the legislation in the different States to make them settle down, undertook several years ago to have his people form themselves into permanent colonies. It was to make

his grandson a fit head for new gypsydom that he sent him to a school in Detroit. Possibly it was because the boy was taken from the gypsy's heritage of free air and penned up that he fell a victim to the lung affection from which he is a sufferer. But as soon as he is able to go there is a tour in the open from one end of his kingdom to the other awaiting him. That promise is more than the city dweller's treatment and medicine to the gypsy blood.

It is a strange thing that all the world has such an open or sneaking fondness for this old, mysterious race. Not long ago the Gypsy Lore Society published a gypsy bibliography and it showed more than 8,000 titles "in a pentaecostal wealth of tongues even the letters of some of which are Etruscan to unlearned eyes."

For none of the books settled the question whether the gypsies came from India or Egypt; whether they came as penitents to Rome for refusing to shelter the infant Jesus when His parents brought him to the Nile land or came to Italy as musicians driven out of an ancient Persian court by a king on account of their profligacy.

But perhaps that peculiar fondness of the rest of the world for Romany may be explained by the fact that just at this time of the year there comes to most of us the same longing for the open air, the rivers and brooks, the green woods and hard road straight ahead which may help little gypsy JOHN back to health and strength.

Paul Revere Rides Again.

"Splashed with mud from hat to spur," a horseback courier impersonating PAUL REVERE galloped from Boston to Lexington on April 19, the 146th anniversary of the patriot's historic ride to give alarm to the Colonists that British troops were on the march. Enthusiastic crowds cheered the horseman along his route despite the heavy rain, valid testimony indeed to the response of a never wholly quenched patriotism awaiting a sufficiently truthful and picturesque appeal to the rich inheritance of national memory.

This is at the bottom also of the universal and gripping interest in the motion pictures. The human spirit is eager about the whole gamut of human affairs, experiences and achievements. To hear about them is good, but to see them also, from inception to denouement: this is superb, enthralling. One need only feel oneself swept by the waves of emotion affecting in common the spectators of a convincing screen drama to be certain of this beyond all doubt.

We should have more of these wholesomely dramatic and stirring reminders of the great self-forgetting adventures of the roused human spirit in the past. They are adequate antidotes for a radicalism gone rapt. They vividly keep alight the flame of self-sacrifice and nobility of heroic service, all too easily choked by the accumulating ash of a materialistic and often sordid present.

If Big Bill Haywood Has Skipped.

That Big BILL HAYWOOD should flee to Russia to avoid jail here seems a strange choice. It is true that his sentence to imprisonment, the sentences of about a hundred of his fellow industrial workers of the World, have been confirmed by the Supreme Court, but an American prison is much to be preferred to a Soviet prison, and about all the Lenin and Trotsky oligarchy does when it is not shooting folks is to lock them up.

Perhaps Big BILL has not fled the country. He may be in hiding, or he may simply be postponing the day of his surrender to the law. If he has run away his dupes, who haven't the wit or money to escape, will have in his conduct an admirable lesson in the sincerity of his violent protestations of devotion to them.

As far as the country is concerned, having for a number of years survived the presence within its borders of Big BILL HAYWOOD it will be able to get along quite comfortably without him if he has indeed taken his departure.

A German army officer wishes to paint General PERSHING's portrait. There's an old parallel: the barber condemned to death whose last request was permission to shave the District Attorney.

McGRAW has installed his famous fighting spirit into the members of his 1921 machine.—The Evening Post.

It looks like a tough year for umpires.

With Big BILL HAYWOOD "I W. W." finally came to mean "I Won't Wait."

The Virginia farmer who ploughed up \$14,908 in gold and silver buried a century ago has something to grove over, if he likes. The interest that money might have earned, compounded at 6 per cent, is \$5,021,434.90, an amount which would buy enough strawberries, at present prices, to satisfy a whole family at one meal.

An oversuspicious man is one who feels that this Bacon fess is packing house propaganda.

The police have seized 100,000 worth of opium. Let it be turned over to those worthy folk who used to chatter about the great spiritual uplift that was to follow the war. Their pipes are nearly out.

In the Woods.

In the soothing coolness of deep woods, Where the puffing breeze ruffles up the Forest's green hair And the shimmering, shifting shadows quiver and creep: Where the flecks of sunlight like tiny golden pennies

Four from the blinding urn of the sun Drop from leaf to leaf, leaving behind them a bright trail— There dwells Tranquillity.

World Cold to Science.

Reflections on the Attitude of Statesmen and the Public.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The following words quoted from a recent publication could stir up a hornet's nest of differences of opinion: "Astonishingly ignorant" is the phrase used to describe the ordinary citizen in his relation to scientific subjects.

The article also inferred that Gladstone could not see the great value of Faraday's achievements, which to-day are worth billions of dollars. But in speaking of Darwin the article failed to note that Darwin could not see the importance of Gladstone's Bulgarian policy; but Balkan politics have indirectly resulted in a cost to the world of a few hundred billions of dollars.

Why is it that the ordinary citizen is late in getting interested in scientific subjects?

There is no such thing as an ion or an electron or the radiation of heat and light; so the ordinary citizen has not missed much real knowledge by neglecting to read tons of such literature.

Why does a scientific man usually lack interest in politics?

Congress was six years in voting for a test of Morse's telegraph, and if he could write such a proposition to a Congressman to-day he might receive a reply something like this:

My DEAR MR. MORSE: I beg to advise you that I am uninterested about scientific inventions. May I not refer the matter to Mr. So and So, the care of all the professors?

Science is a revelation and a growth that outgrows bigotry and governments. The extent to which public opinion or capital could have aided such men as Bradley, Newton or Morse is theoretical, yet not natural. I think of the sentiments in the words of Owen Meredith:

But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate, The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.

D. A. N. GROVER, KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL 19.

Remington's Accuracy.

Fear of Error Prevented Him From Seeing "The Round Up."

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The anecdote of Frederic Remington in "E. W. T." letter prompts me to remark that there was any attribute which dominated his character was a wonderful personality was his elemental honesty.

Meeting him in New York one day he said to me, "John, I'd like to go and see Maclay Arbuckle in 'The Round Up.'" Whereupon I suggested that we secure tickets and see it together. "No," said Remington. "I don't care, and I'll tell you why. You see, these stage fixes are not always right. I have firmly fixed in my mind the proper accommodation for man, beast and injun of our Western frontier. If I'd go to that play there might be something out of place in the stage picture which I would carry away and put on my canvas, and I don't dare to take the risk."

He had no reverence for or fear of art critics save two, himself and his devoted wife.

J. C. H. OGDENSTOWN, APRIL 22.

Bacon and Milton.

Two Different Conclusions Based on the Same Poetical Text.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: My wretched chirography makes your printer set up "Bacon's Paraphrases of the Psalms." I am much finer than "Shelton's." "Shelton's" was intended to be "Milton's."

I don't believe an anti-Bacon argument was ever printed that did not laugh to scorn the idea that Bacon could have had anything to do with Shakespeare's plays because of his "Paraphrases of the Psalms," written obviously for proletarian consumption.

But nobody, I believe, argues that Milton could not have written "All's Well That Ends Well" or "Paradise Lost" because his rendition of the XXXV. Psalm contained such doggeral as:

Who by his miracles doth make Amazed heaven and earth to shake!

And large Umbel Og did subdue With all his over-handly crew.

Let us, therefore, warble forth, His mighty majesty and worth.

JOHN T. RETNOLDS, NEW YORK, APRIL 22.

New York's Insane Wards.

Deportations Accounted For Part of Last Year's Decrease.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: You called attention recently to a net reduction in the number of patients in the New York State hospitals of 1,236, attributing this decrease to several causes, among others—and quite properly—to the decrease in the number of insane wards.

Inasmuch as these 1236 public charges would have cost the State not less than \$200,000 for one year's care and maintenance it readily can be seen that the bureau of deportation was of considerable economic importance, especially as the total cost of removal was less than \$50,000.

SPENCER L. DAWES, M. D., Medical Examiner New York State Hospital Commission, NEW YORK, APRIL 22.

A Pearl of Newspaperdom.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The Southern tribute to The New York Herald which you reprinted under the title of "A Pearl of Newspaperdom" met with my sincerest indorsement. May I correct the date given of the paper announcing President Lincoln's death?

I have a copy of that paper purchased by myself, and it is dated Sunday, April 16, 1865. Lincoln died at 7:32 A. M. April 16, and your remarkable account of "Our Loss; the Great National Calamity; Death of the President" was printed April 17.

GEORGINA DREW HANCOCK, RAMSEY, N. J., APRIL 22.

Boxing Gloves on Fighting Cocks.

From the London Times. At Devizes George Ruddle, farmer, of Bishop Cleeve, was fined £25 for keeping a cock for the purpose of cock fighting. For the defence it was stated there had been no offence within the meaning of the act. The cocks fought with boxing gloves (a pair of which were produced in court), and victory was given to the bird which won on points.

Robert Fulton Autographs on View

Collection at Anderson Galleries Also Contains Writings of Washington and Aaron Burr.

One of the most interesting exhibitions of autographic material of the entire season is now in progress at the Anderson Galleries in the collection of manuscripts, drawings and autographs of Robert Fulton, the property of Mrs. A. T. Stutcliffe and A. C. Cammann, who are direct descendants of Robert Fulton. The collection also comprises autographs of letters of Aaron Burr, fine Washington documents and other autographs letters of the period consigned by Mrs. F. S. Shinn and other Americans from various sources. All the material in this collection will be sold at auction on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons of next week.

This is the largest and most important collection of Robert Fulton autographs in existence, and includes documents and letters relating to his principal inventions, the torpedo, submarine and steamboat, some of them illustrated with original pen and ink drawings. The important manuscript on submarine navigation contains forty pages, with one original pencil drawing, and is accompanied by two autograph letters to Lord Grenville, with whom he was negotiating on the subject. There are also two manuscripts on free trade, the drafts of a series of letters negotiating with the land in regard to the submarine and signed under the pseudonym "Robert Francis" and many others.

A pardon granted to ten men indicted for high treason and signed by President George Washington is said to be the only document of its kind known to collectors and will be a prize for collectors. Another item of such literature, the expedition of Gen. Braddock in 1755, some of which give an entirely different account of the battle of Monongahela, and the original manuscript of the original manuscript of the stamp act, the Massachusetts charter and other American matters and executed for the Marquis of Rockingham, the Prime Minister of George III., is another item of unusual interest.

A large number of books, pamphlets and broadsides relating to the history of American history, including the Colonial, Revolutionary War, early California, Canada, early West and New England.

Miss Lenora Sparkes, soprano, and Paul Costello, tenor, have been added to the artists who will sing at the Military Concert to be given under the auspices of the Seventh Company at the Seventh Regiment Armory this evening.

These artists are in addition to Mrs. Marguerite D'Alvarez and Thomas Chalmers, already announced. The Police Band will play for the dancing.

Reminon.

He can esteem the stars, for he is wise;